

THE  
Tragical History,

*Collected  
&  
Perfect.  
1661-1790*

Admirable Atchievements and various events

OF

GUY

EARL OF

WARWICK

ATRAGEDY

Acted very Frequently with great Applause  
By his late MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by B. J.

*Carpere, vel noli nostra vel ede tua, Mart Epig.*

First Edition.

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THE  
Tragical History  
OF  
GUY  
EARLE of WARWICK.

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*Actus Primus. Enter Time*



TIME that is past, the Muses now recalls,  
forcing my fleeting presence to retire,  
and pitch my feet upon the English shore,  
I had almost drown'd in black oblivion,  
an honour'd History of an English Knight,  
as famous once for deeds of Chivalry,  
as any of the Worthies of the world:  
Renowned Sir Guy of Warwick whose great Name,  
makes England famous in all after times,  
for nursing up so brave a Martiallist.

...to the world  
...your Gentle Vices;  
...eyes you see  
this warlike Lord boldly attempt to fight,  
with that fell Savage Bore of Caledon  
that spoiles the fields and murders passengers,  
him hath his sword subdu'd; and now again,  
he combates with that huge and monstrous beast,  
call'd the wild Cow of Dunsmore Heath;  
all for the love of Phillis he performs;  
for Phillis love, old Robson only Child,  
what will not Guy of Warwick dare to do?  
and having done those things that she enjoy'd,  
he reaps the harvest of her happy love,  
and at the length enjoys her for his wife.  
To grace this bridal feast, imagine then,  
King Athelstone hath left fair Winchester  
and here in Warwick Castle keeps his Court.  
What follows now of Guy and his fair Deeds,  
sit and behold, the story now proceeds. Exit Time.

Enter King Athelstone, Guy, Phillis, Robson, Herod, with others.

King. Brave Guy of Warwick, honourable Earl,  
thus long in love and favour to thy self  
King Athelstone hath left fair Winchester,  
to frolick here with thee and thy fair Bride;  
Phillis the comfort of old Robson's Age  
thus long to you we have been troublesome,  
and used your Parkes and Pastures as our own;  
but now wee'll leave these parts of Warwickshire  
and back again return to Winchester.

Guy. These Kingly favours that your grace hath shown,  
in honouring me a worthless Subject thus,  
hath plum'd my thoughts with Eagle-flighted wings,  
and beares my mounting minde as high as Heaven,



*of Guy of Warwick.*  
till I have done these deeds of Chivalry,  
Worthy the love of your Dread Majesty,  
*Guy.* Which I'll perform with treble diligence,  
and at your yearly Feast of Pentecost  
will *Guy of Warwick* send a hundred Knights,  
suddue'd and conquer'd by these Warlike Armies,  
to do their Homage to King *Atlestone*,  
lowly upon their knees at *Winchester*.

*King.* We thank thee, *Guy*, but will not have it so;  
live with thy love, thy sword hath won thee Fame,  
and all the world doth speak of *Warwick's* Name.

*Herod.* The conquests that by thee hath been Achiev'd,  
makes men amaz'd, and warlike Knights afraid  
to come in danger of thy Conquering Sword.

*Lord.* Thy manly deeds are Graven in each man's breast,  
and thy large fame is spread from East to West.

*Rohan.* Live then in peace, my fair high-hearted Sonne,  
since all men muse to think what thou hast done,  
the *Caldeonian* savage Bore is dead,  
and by thy hand the wild Cow slaughtered,  
that kept such Revels upon *Dunsmore* Heath;  
and many adventures hast thou past beside  
to make my Daughter *Phyllis* thy fair Bide:  
she now is thine, and all that I possess,  
is *Guy of Warwick* to be'd stay with us.

*Phyllis.* Intends my honoured Lord to leave us then,  
speak gentle love, my heart is full of fear;  
O seek not danger, that is every where.

*King.* Content thee *Phyllis* for he shall not go,  
thy love intreats but we command him so,  
And now Earl *Rohan*, reach the King thy hand;  
Old man we thank thee and we take our leave:  
Farewell Sir *Guy*, fair *Phyllis* now adieu,  
all earthly comfort still attend on you.

*Exit King.*

*Guy.* Bright Angels still protect your Majesty,  
Father conduct the King a little on his way;  
Sir *Herod* attend them, *Phyllis* here, and I,  
must yet confer, we'll follow presently.

*Exit Rohan*

*and Herod.*

*Phyllis.*

## The Tragical History

*Phillis.* What means my honour'd Lord to stay behind, when every one attends his Sovereign; why dost thou look so sad and stand so mute? all looking downwards with thy care-crack'd head: speak gentle love, if griefe thy mind oppresse, *Phillis* will never leave thee comfortlesse.

*Guy.* Ah *Phillis*!

*Phillis.* Sweet: what hath *Phillis* done that thy great heart should grieve to think upon?

*Guy.* Nothing, O nothing, and I now to thee, neither the fear of death, the losse of friends, nor any thing this mortal life can yield, doth trouble me or once molest my mind.

*Phill.* What then disturbs thy high heroick Thoughts?

*Guy.* That I must leave my *Phillis* whom I love; O be not sad dear soul, but hear me speak; for what I say must stand irrevocable. Seven years to win thy love this Sword of mine, hath beat down Monsters, and subdued strong Knights; seven years to win thy love this breast of mine, hath bin oppos'd even against the face of death: But for my God who gave me power and strength to doe these wonders in the fight of man, hath *Guy* of *Warwicke* yet no service done; the thought of which torments my inward soul; and breaks my heart untill I have redeem'd my great neglect of service to my God; For which to him alone I have made a Vow, never to lie by my fair *Phillis* side, to eat, to drink, nor rest long in one place, till I have seen my Saviours Sepulchre, within the Walls of fair *Jerusalem*; and with my Sword for my Redeemers sake, beat back those misbelieving *Saracens*, that seek the Ruine of that holy place; making them leave deluding *Mahomet*, and trust upon the blessed Name of *Christ*. All this hath *Warwicke* sworn to undertake,

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

or loose his Life for his Redeemers sake.

*Phill.* Sweet Lord!

*Guy.* O do not bid me stay,  
and ask me what thou wilt, I must away!

*Phill.* See the rich burthen of my youthful womb,  
the hopeful issue of thy happy love;  
let that yet move thee, dear Lord do not go,  
lest both of us do pine with grief and woe.

*Guy.* Weep not sweet love; for tears will not avail;  
but when the time comes thou art brought on bed,  
and of thy child art safe delivered:

Give it to *Herod* if it be a son,  
with it deliver him this Ring of Gold;  
tell him that I intreat him from my heart  
that he will see my Infant well brought up;  
bid him be kind to him, as I have been,  
in all Adventures dangerous to him.

Now give me my Palmers Gown, my Hat and Staff,  
these must I wear, fly hence all worldly pomp;  
thus for my Saviour and Redeemer's sake  
these blessed Weeds of Pilgrimage I take.

*Phill.* My hearts so sad I know not what to say,  
God grant thy Grave be not that Gown of gray;  
My much misdoubting heart says I shall see,  
my high loved Lord laid low in misery.

*Guy.* Do not preface, dear love, but here me speak,  
I charge thee on that love thou bearest to me,  
never to reveal to Father, Friend, no nor the King himself,  
what I intend nor whither I am gone;  
until a month be past and I hence free;  
for pursuit of my Friends will follow me.  
Do this and *Phillis* love will brightly shine,  
and *Guy* return with joy from *Palestine*.

*Phillis.* I must, I will even do what you please,  
your will shall be fulfilled yet ere you go;  
this pledge of my true love I will bestow;  
upon thy Hand I put my marriage Ring,  
If ere I see the same and thou not by,

*Phillis*

*Philis* will grieving weep, and weeping die.  
*Guy*. I take thy pledge of love, and in exchange  
I give this true loves life, and here I Mourn bid thee adieu  
Nothing but death shall make me leave this Ring.  
Time calls me hence, fair *Philis* now farewell,  
with thee let all Heavens joys for ever dwell. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Old Philip Sparrow*, & his son the *Clown*.

*Old*. Dost thou hear me soon, soon!

*Clow*. Never talk Father, never talk; for Youth will have his  
swindge, if it be in a Haker; and I being a young Man and a  
Scholar, will go travel to try the fruits of my Learning.

*Old*. But whither wilt thou go soon ha?

*Clow*. Faith Father, *Rome! Rome!* even to *Rome*, *Mortier*  
*mortieribus*, with a Morter on my Head. But Father Ile come  
upon ye with a Verse, *Præprie quo maribones tribuuntur mascula*  
*dogstones*.

*Old*. Whats that soon ha?

*Clow*. That is, you must give me Forty pounds, and I must go  
seek my fortune.

*Old*. Nay chil hold thee sorry of my teeth on that, the whor-  
son knave, and he'd carry as home he might be Clark of our  
Parish, so he might; he has his writing and reading Tongue, as  
perfect as eating porridge, so he has; and sides all that, he spouts  
Latin as vast as a Mill-grinds fault; but the know the cause why  
thoudst to vain be jogging?

*Clow*. Why Father?

*Old*. Nay chill tell thee with a witness, tis comported all a-  
bout our Parish that thou hast got our Neighbour *Sparlings*  
Daughter with Barne.

*Clow*. How comes the old Fox to know this troop, well I must  
set a good face on the matter on alls mar'd. Who I get her with  
Child? Father, why I take to witness the back-side of our  
Barn-door, I never kist her but twice in all my life.

*Old*. That thou shalt see, come hither *Parnell*. Enter *Parnell*.

*Par*.

*of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

*Par.* O Mr. Sparrow I little thought you would have us'd me thus!

*Clow.* Why Parnell how have I us'd you? If there be ever a one in the Parish can use you better, let him take you and the Child too for me.

*Par.* But Mr. Sparrow you are not so good as your promise.

*Clow.* Nay Parnell never talk of that; for I have been better to you then my promise.

*Old.* How Knave, hast thou been better to her then thy promise, ha?

*Clow.* Why Father if you'l not bite off my Nose, Ile tell ye, I promised her to go home and eat a sowre Milk Posset; and if I have got her with child, 'tis more then my promise, and she's be-  
holding to me for my labour.

*Old.* I sirrah, but you must marry her and make her amends.

*Clow.* How like an old fool you talk Father, why, she had more need make me amends; for I have made her look pritty and plump, and she has made me look like a shotten Herring. But Father take your blessing from me, for I must needs be walking.

*Hony sops queen Maries pence,*

*Tears parts at going hence,*

*Ego volo Domine tu,*

*Sparrow will come with joy to you.*

*Old.* Gods malediction go with thee good soon, Ah wees me, wees me.

*Par.* Farewel good Mr. Sparrow. *Exeunt Old Man & Parnel.*

*Clow.* Nay do not cry good Father, do not weep sweet Parnel, but even farewel and be hang'd, thats twice God bo'ye; I made as though I had been sorry, but I could not weep and if I should ha been hang'd; but now will I go serve the bravest Man in all the world, his Name is Sir Guy of Warwick; they say he's going to Jerusalem and Jerico; but if he goes to the Divil I'll go with him, that's flat; and if Parnel be brought to bed before I come again, some honest Fellow do so much as pay for the Nurfing of the Child, and Ile do as much for him another time. *Exit.*



## The Tragicall History

### Actus Secundus. Enter Time.

**D**evotion and Divine Atchievements cause  
Great Guy of Warwick to neglect all Lawes,  
Of Nuptial League, he leaves his pregnant Wife,  
Countrey and Kindred for a holy Life,  
But in his progresse, makes himself a prize  
To multitudes of matchlesse miseries;  
By which it may be juily understood,  
He is not truly great, that is not good:  
In Holy Lands abroad his spirits roame  
And not in, Deanes and Chapters lands at homes,  
His sacred fury menaceth that Nation,  
VVhich bath Indea under Sequestration:  
He doth not strike at Surplices and Tippetts,  
(To bring an Oleo in of Sects in Sippitts)  
But deales his warlike and dead-doing blowes,  
Against his Saviours and his Sovereigns foes;  
That Coat of Armour fears no change of weather,  
Where sanctity and souldier go together:  
So doth our Champion march up to the fight,  
Sit, silent, pray, Time will bring all to light.

Exit.

### Enter Guy and Sparrow.

Guy. What Sirrah Sparrow?

Spar. Anon, anon Sir.

Guy. What are you turn'd Tapster since you came out of England?

Spar. Tapster quotha I shall never be so good a man while I live; for I had rather see a Tapster then a King: I like your long Journeys at Sea wels but for one thing.

Guy. What's that I pray?

Spar. O Master heres no Alehouses by the way, a man can-

HOD

### of Guy Earl of Warwick.

not get a Can of Beer for any Money; but Master why did you give that great Castle you got from the Gyant to that pueling harlotry in the Silk Gown?

*Guy.* Why Sir she was a Lady of great birth.

*Spar.* A Ladle of great birch, why and she had been a ladle of holly; I would not have given't her I trow, you had bin better a given it me by half.

*Guy.* What wouldest thou have done with it?

*Spar.* I would have wrapt it in a Letter and sent it into Warwickshire for a token: but Master, good sweet Master lend me your Sword.

*Enter an Hermit.*

*Guy.* What wilt thou do with it?

*Spar.* Here comes an Old man Ile kill him.

*Guy.* Ye cowardly Rogue wilt thou kill a Hermit?

*Spar.* An Emmot quotha, 'tis one of the fowlest great Emmots that ever I saw.

*Guy.* God bleffe thee Father and send thee happynesse on Earth and Heaven when thou diest.

*Spar.* And the Gallowes when a dyes, what should he do with Heaven?

*Her.* O what art thou that speakest of God or Heaven, full forty Winters have I lived here, and never heard the Name of God till now, but in my prayers and my orisons.

*Spar.* A sawcy old Knave I perceive, he uses to eat Orrenges, Which very word makes me have an appetick as fierce as a Fidler at a Feast; it is a question of some difficulty, to resolve whether my Masters Spirit, or my Stomaek be the greater; if he have the valour to knock down a Dun Cow, I have the Courage to Cut he rup, and the Confidence to Carbonado her quarters.

*Guy.* Father into your private ears I dare, power out my spirit, my designments are for holy Actions, you may understand, my pilgrimage is to the holy Land, where my Redeemer's cause is trodden down, where he wore Thorns, Usurpers wear a Crown, I go to view the Monument and story Of him that was no lesse then Lord of Glory.

*Her.* You answer punctually to what I ask,



## The Tragical History

but son you undertake a tedious task,  
as intricate as dangerous; may I crave  
the name of him whose valour is so brave?

Guy. Although I now shrowded in these Pilgrims weeds,  
(an holy habit fit for holy deeds)

I am an Earle, men call me Guy of VVarwick.

Her. In all the space betwixt Dover and Barwick,

I have not known a man of clearer Fame,

(whose actions add new glory to his Name)

then he that owns that title, all that's good,  
attend your Spirit and preserve your blood.

Spar. And Father Emmot did you never hear of the Famous  
actions and valorous Atchievements of one Squire Sparrow?

Guy. Away you Hedg-bird.

Spar. Phillip is his Name,

A bird of Venus, and a Cock of the Game,

who once being in Love with pritty Parnell,

did crack her Nut, and thou maist pick the Kernell;

she is a Peacock every man doth vayne

his bonnet to her, when she shewes her tayle.

Guy. Leave talking of your trundle Sirrah.

Spar. VVhy so? my Mistris Parnell is as precious to me, as  
your Lady Phillis is to you, we have gotten them both with child;  
and all the difference is, that Phillis is your wedded VVife, and  
Parnell is my unmarried Mistris; and we must needs run up and  
down killing of Dun Cowes, Dragons, VVild-boars and Mastiff  
Dogs, when we have more work at home then we can well turn  
our hands to.

Her. I like your high design, that for the truth,

can in the dayes of dalliance and youth,

prosecute piety, and attempt things

that Consecrate the Crowns of greatest Kings.

Guy. Father your benediction will add wings Guy kneeleth.  
to all my undertakings.

Her. May the springs

Of ever pregnant providence ne're be,

shut to your wants, but flow fertile and free,

may you ne're feel necessities sharp rod,

the

### of Guy Earl of Warwick.

the blessed Guardians of the highest God,  
protect thy Steps and keep thee far from ill ;  
so farewell Son my prayers attend thee still.

*Spar.* Nay but do you here Old Man, pray let you and I have  
a two or three cold words together ? Have you ever a House here  
in these Woods ?

*Her.* No House but a poor Cottage, gentle friend.

*Spar.* Unch, How say ye ? you would fain curry favour with  
me, but 'twill not serve your turn : Have ye ever an Ambry in  
your Cottage, where a Man may find a good Bag-pudding, a  
piece of Beef, or a Platter of Bruis knockle deep in Fat ; for I  
tell thee old fellow, I am sharp set, I have not eat a good Meal  
this Fortnight.

*Guy.* Come hither Sirrah, can I no sooner come into a stran-  
gers Company, but you seek to disgrace me !

*Spar.* Who I ? why Master ? you are mightily deceived in me,  
for I never use to say Grace before I see meat on the Table.

*Guy.* Sirrah, I speak not of saying Grace but of Disgrace, there-  
fore Sirrah go and tell him you want no meat.

*Spar.* Shall I tell him so ?

*Guy.* I Sir.

*Spar.* I shall tell him a monstrous lye then.

*Guy.* You'll tell him so, quickly too if I intreat you.

*Spar.* Yes I'll tell him because I dare do no otherwise ; old  
man did I tell you I wanted meat ?

*Her.* I marry did you.

*Spar.* Ye lye like an old Knave, yet if you have any Bread  
and Cheese about you, put a piece in my Cap.

*Guy.* Sir leave your prating, Father fare you well.

*Her.* More good attend thee then my tongue can tell. *Exit*

*Guy.* This is the stately Tower of *Donather*, *Hermit.*  
where *Huon of Burdeaux* a courageous Knight  
flew *Angelosar* in a single Fight:  
go *Sparrow*, seek find me an entrance in,  
let me alone to cope, with those comes forth.

*Spar.* Why Master have you no more wit but to send me, did  
not you hear that there keeps a monstrous Gyant in this Castle,  
that eateth a quarter of an Ox at a bit, his mouth's as wide as a  
barn

### *The Tragical History*

harn door, his eyes as broad as two pewter platters, and besides all that, they say, he hath Four and twenty Men to throw Mustard in his Mouth; Now if I should come in the way, fall in the Mustard, Fot, and be thrown into his mouth, you might go look for a man where you could get him.

*Guy.* I but you being a Sparrow methinks should flye from them.

*Spar.* O Master I must confesse I have been something loosely minded in my young daies, but *Parnell* and the rest of the pretty Wenches in our Parish have so pluckt my plumes, that I was never good mounter since ifaith.

*It Thunders and Lightens;*

*Guy.* Very well, then you'l not go?

*Spar.* Go, yes i'll go that's flat. O Master! the Divil, the Divil, the Divil.

*Guy.* Why? how now Sirrah, are you affraid?

*Spar.* No, I scorne to be affraid, but good Master for Gods sake grant me one request, upon my knees I ask it.

*Guy.* What's that Sir?

*Spar.* Sweet hony Master go your self.

*Guy.* I thank you Sir, but if you go not soon, my Sword shall bring you of a stomach to go.

*Spar.* O Master, never talk of that; for I have a stomach like a Horse, but no heart in the world to go to such a break-fast, but yet I'll go what somere comes ont, though I run into a bush presently; I am in Master, I am in.

*It Thunders & Lightens.*

*Guy.* It is no Gyant sure that keeps this place, but some Inchanter or dam'd Sorcerer.

Hell-hound come forth, that I may cope with thee,

I fear not all thy charming Sorceries;

I send forth no shadows to affright my soul,

my Faith no Hell-born Fury can controul.

*Enter the Inchanter.*

*Inchan.* Let all my horrid Vapours cease their strength;

Let the Air Freeze, the Earth be cold as Ice,

whereon this daring Knight doth set his Feet,

For though Hells Force can no waies daunt his heart,

he soon shall know my Force can tame his Pride.

*Guy.*

## Guy Earl of Warwick.

*Guy.* I cannot lift my Arms unto my Head,  
my Feet stick fast into the solid earth,  
and I shall never move my self from hence,  
damned inchanter, hellish forcerer,  
whose black dam'd Art, hath wrought my lucklesse fall;  
O that thou durst let loose this damned spell,  
I soon would send thy fiend-like soul to Hell.

*Inchan.* By all the burning brooks of *Pblegion*,  
by *Styx* and *Acheron* I vow and swear  
ne're shalt thou go alive out of this place.  
Thus do I lay a charme upon thy head,  
a hell bred Slumber close thy senses up;  
there grooving lye, and never more arise,  
a black enchanted charme close up thine eyes.

*Guy falls.*  
*Exit inchanter.*

## Enter Oberon King of the Fairies.

*Obe.* But I will break thy charming Sorceries,  
and he shall wake to be thy overthrow.  
You harmlesse spirits of the flowry Meades,  
Nymphes, Satyres, Fawnes, and all the Fairy train,  
that waits on *Oberon* the Fairy King,  
attend me quickly with your silver tunes;  
and in a circled Ring, lets compasse round,  
this sleeping Knight that lies upon the ground.

*Enter the Fairies with Musick, they Dance about  
him, Oberon strikes Guy with his Wand,  
he awakes and speaks.*

*Guy.* Where art thou *Guy*? what heavenly place is this?  
what ravishing sound of Musick fills mine ear?  
what blessed shadows do appear to me,  
that am a woful wretched sinful man?  
O pardon me as I am faithful true,  
I never yet meant hurt to none of you.

*Obe.* We know it well, arise fair Knight, stand up, *Guy awaketh,*  
thou

### *The Tragical History*

thou wert enchanted by a hellish fiend,  
that doth inhabit in this hatefull Tower ;  
he casts thee in a deadly charming sleep,  
and but by my means thou shouldest ne're have walkt,  
I am the Fairy King that keeps these Groves,  
for *Huon of Burdeaux* sake, thy Warlike friend,  
the dear loved Minion of the Fairy King,  
will I make *Guy of Warwicks* name be fear'd ;  
for conquest of the Tower of *Donather*,  
here take this charming Wand, I give it thee,  
which is of such great vertue if it touch,  
all the Inchantments in this spacious world,  
they all shall be dissolv'd immediately.  
For proof whereof make tryal against this Tower,  
and in a moment it shall vanish hence.

*Guy.* Great Fairy King, how am I bound to thee,  
that from these dangers hast delivered me,  
I'll touch this Tower, if that dissolve these charmes,  
*Warwick* is free from all inchanting harmes.

*It Thunders, Lightens.*

*Enter Sparrow running.*

*Spar.* Fire, Fire, Fire.

*Guy.* How now Sirrah, what's the news with you?

*Spar.* Whoop Master are you alive still ? nay, then I care not  
if aith, but I have been peper'd since I went from you.

*Guy.* How Sir I pray.

*Spar.* When you sent me to seek an entrance into the Castle, I  
thinking it was good sleeping in a whole skin, ran and hid my self  
in a bush, I had not lain there long, but it began to Thunder and  
Lighten monstrously; and presently the Bush flew a Fire about  
my Eares; that with your favour I came away in a stinking  
complexity; but Master what fine little hop, O my Thumbs have  
you got here.

*Guy.* Sirrah take heed what you say for these are Fairies.

*Spar.* Fairies quotha, I care not what they be, I'll have about  
with them for a bloody Nose; I have a better stomach to fight  
with one of them, then with the Gyant a great deal; Unch ye  
whorson little pigpies, you i'll tickle ye if aith.

*The*



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

*The Fairies fall about him, pulls him down, pinches him, he cries out.*

O Master help, help.

Guy. How now Sirrah, what's the newes with you ?

Spar. I am kil'd master, I am kil'd.

Guy. Kil'd knave, where art kil'd ?

Spar. In the Buttock, in the Buttock.

Guy. VVell Sir, rise, or i'll rise ye.

Spar. Rise quotha, yes, I'll rise, but I am sure I am dead ; do you call these Fairies, a vengeance on them, they have tickled my Collesfodians ifaith ; but master what is that same little gentleman's name ?

Guy. Sir his name is King Oberon.

Spar. Little Gentleman is your name King Colbron ?

Obe. No Sir, my name is King Oberon.

Spar. VVhy then good King Muttonbone learne your little Munkies to pair their Nayles with a pestilence ; for my posteriors will feel the print of them this fortnight at the least.

Obe. Sir hold your peace, and Guy give me thy hand, the way i'll shew thee to the holy land, where I will add such glory to thy name that all the world shall speak of *Warwicks* fame. The black Inchanter he is gone to Hell, in endlesse torments ever for to dwell, Nymphs, Satyres, Fawnes, and all the rest march on, before stout Guy, and youthful Oberon.

*Exeunt.*

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## *Actus Tertius. Enter Time.*

**T**Hus swiftly runs the silent houres of Time,  
whilst worldly men secured by their wealth,  
think not on time nor on their soules fair health  
but those whose well adorned lymbes are made,  
of that pure mettall which shall never fade ;  
those that have learned of Angells how to sing,

C

and

## The Tragical History

and to the world all piety doth bring,  
and fills the world with learning and with art,  
so those doth Time her Golden gifts impart;  
you fair beholders of this honoured story,  
think now that Guy of Warwick be is gone,  
leaving these Fairies and King Oberon,  
and now to fair Jerusalem takes his way,  
where bearing of the Wars the Pagans make  
against that City and that holy Land,  
he now prepares himself by force of Armes,  
to save Judea from insuing harmes;  
long stories are not told in little time,  
much matter in small room we must combyne:  
wee'l curt all nothing, yet make something short,  
because we would shun tediousnesse of sport;  
if it be long, say length is all the fault,  
if it be lame, say old men needs must halt.

**Enter Sultan Shamurath, Soldan of Babylon,  
with Zorastes.**

**Sult.** Thus Sultan Shamurath, as Earthly God of Kings,  
have marche along with all their VVarlike Troopes.  
Ten Thousand Gallies, ships and brigandines,  
lye dancing on the Adraticque Sea,  
ready to be commanded when we please,  
to bear this Captive King of fair Jerusalem,  
to our Triumphant City Babylon;  
but say Zorastes, how shall we employ  
our VVarlike Forces 'gainst these Christians.  
Most dread and mighty Emperour of the East,  
whose puissant and warlike Force commands  
even from the orient to the sonnes decline;  
suffer not thus these hated Christians  
to inmore themselves in walls of stone and brasse,  
whilst Sultan Shamurath with all his Lords  
attends a day of battell with their swords.

Great



*of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

Great King of Babel, now be rul'd by me,  
and let Zorastes counsel now prevail,  
I'll raise up heaps of damned spirits from hell;  
that shall make way unto my bold attempt.  
Legions of Divels attend my dreadful Charms,  
ready to be commanded when I please;  
then mighty Soldan make no more delay,  
my art shall make the Conquerour this day.

*Sultan.* Thanks Rout Zorastes, great Magician thanks,  
but first lets summon them unto a parley  
perhaps they'll yield their City to our hands,  
knowing our force to be invincible,  
and they not able to withstand our power.  
Trumpet or Drum summon a parley there.

*A parley sounded, Enter the King  
of Jerusalem upon the walls.*

*King.* What craves Thasirian Emperour at our hands?

*Sultan.* Homage and fealty as thy Sovereigne Lord,  
of all these spacious bounds of Christendome;  
know petty King of fair Jerusalem  
I am the mighty Sultan Shamurath  
that rules the tripple City Babylon,  
and all the Kingdomes of the Eastern world,  
only this little part of Asia,  
holds out against us and derides our faith  
scorning our Lawes of holy Mahomet,  
but by his blessed Alcaron I swear,  
I'll ne're depart, nor draw my Army hence,  
till in the Temples of Jerusalem,  
both Mahomet, Aferoth and Termagant,  
those holy Gods that Govern Babylon  
be set for you stout Christians to adore,  
which ye shall do, or all of you shall die,  
and basely at our foot like Vassals lie.

*King.* Proud and Presumptuous Tyrant as thou art,  
we fear no bug-bear threats of Tyranny,  
nor all the multitudes thou canst command,  
we guard and keep the blessed Sepulchre,

### *The Tragicall History*

of our deare Saviour and Redeemer Christ,  
within the walls of fair *Jernsalem*,  
though on a suddain with your heathen Troops,  
you have begirt us with a fearful siege :  
yet know proud *Syrian* that fair *Zions* hill,  
King *Solomon's* Temple, and the marble Tomb,  
which we adore with awfull reverence,  
can raise a hundred thousand Christians  
and proudly beat you back to *Babylon*.

*Sultan*. Thou wilt not then surrender us thy Town ?

*King*. Not whilst one man survives to lift a sword,  
attempt the worst you can, to save or kill,  
we are prepar'd even against the worst of ill. *Exit King*.

*Sult*. Why then at all, march forward warlike Lords,  
wee'l parley now with Pole-axe, Bills and Swords,  
darraigne our battles, and begin the Fight,  
and *Mahound* still direct my course Aright. *Exeunt Omnes*.

### *Enter Guy of Warwick Solus.*

*Guy*. Thusthrough the help of my dear Saviour Christ,  
whose out-strecht arm hath still preserved me,  
I am escap't from *Sultan Shamurath*,  
and all his Hoast of cursed *Saracens* ;  
now I am come where I may fix mine eyes  
safely upon King *David's* City walls.  
Is this *Judeas* pride, fair *Zions* hill ?  
*Sanctum sanctorum* and the house of Heaven,  
the place where my dear Saviour lost his Life ?  
O how it grieves me to behold thy walls,  
hem'd in with Dogs and cursed *Saracens*,  
that seek to rob thee of thy beauty quite,  
and turn thy joyful day to mourning night.  
But heaven assisting me, I will prevent  
their damned purposes, and make them repent,  
their journey taken 'gainst *Judeas* good,

or

### of Guy Earl of Warwick.

or in that fair adventure spend my blood. *Enter Sparrow*

*Spar.* Tarry, tarry, tarry, hold, hold, hold. *crying.*

*Guy.* Why? how now sirrah, what's the news with you?

*Spar.* O Master are you there? I have done such an exploit as you never heard of in your life.

*Guy.* What's that Sir?

*Spar.* Nay, I am sure it passes your Capacity, but I'll tell you though, for it was a valiant piece of service, when I saw you got in amongst the *Pogons*, I thought some body had hired you to break heads by the dozen, for you never hit any of them, but they shak't their heels as though they had the Palsey; I seeing you so hard at work thought it not best to trouble ye, but after the old manner ran and hid my self in a bush.

*Guy.* O Cowardly slave! was this your Valiant piece of service?

*Spar.* O Master you doe not hear half yet, I lay so long till you were gone, and looking out of the bush, I could see all the *Pogons* laid fast asleep; then went I sneaking and stole away their Snapacks with all their Victuals, I got up to the top of a Hill, and eat it up every bit, when I had done, I began to hollow; the *Pogons* missing their provant, came running after me, but I made one pair of Leggs worth two pair of Hands, and out-run them all ifaith.

*Guy.* I thought what hot service you doe alwaies, but peace, here comes the King of fair *Jerusalem*.

*Enter the King*

*King.* I am a wretched King, the more my wo, of *Jerusalem*.

Kings are sometimes distrest, and I am so,  
but if thou be that war like Conquerour,  
that through the Pagan hoast hath cut thy way,  
I do beseech thee even with woful tears,  
to save *Judea Sion Palestine*  
from base attempt of heathen servitude.

*Spar.* If it be? O scurvy, if it be! why I'll tell you Good-man King, twas I and my maister tickled 'um ifaith.

*Guy.* True Sir, you and your Master and I, pray what did you?

*Spar.* Why Master? when you had kil'd them, I came and cut off their Heads.

*King.*

### *The Tragical History*

*King.* Where wert thou born? or whats thy Countries name,  
brave Christian Knight, may I be bold to ask?

*Guy.* My Native Countrey is fair *England* call'd,  
my name *Sir Guy of Warwick* hither come  
of holy zeal to see my Saviours Tomb,  
but seeing it hem'd round about with foes,  
I cut a passage with my Warlike sword,  
meaning to rescue it or lose my Life.

*King.* Heaven prosper thy attempt, lead on Fair Knight,  
God and good Angels still protect our Right.

*Guy.* God and Saint *George* in *Warwicks* quarrel Fight.

*Exit Omnes.*

*Alarum, Enter Sultan, Zorastes from the Fight.*

*Sultan.* O speak *Zorastes*, what Diuel or Man is that,  
which in his Fury confounds such heaps of men?

*Zorast.* My Lord I cannot tell, but this I know,  
neither *Turk* nor *Saracen* can withstand his blow,  
our Souldiers fly like chaff before the Wind,  
and none can stand against his Conquering sword.

*Sultan.* Canst thou not tell me what he is?  
nor by thy Magick charmes confound the slave?

*Zorast.* I can do both as you shall streight behold;  
*Bellemoth, Aferoth Ascend.*

*Spirit.* *Quid me vis?*

*Zorast.* I charge thee tell me truly who it is,  
that in his rage confounds and spoiles our men.

*Spirit.* 'Tis *Guy of Warwick* that is hither come,  
of holy zeal to see his Saviour Tomb.

*Zorast.* But never shall he see that Marble Grave,  
go *Bellemoth*, and in a fierce flame,  
hoyle him aloft into the vacant Air,  
and throw him headlong into the Neighbouring Seas.

*Spirit.* *Abeo.*

*Zorast.* No, we fight my Lord, for victory is your's.

*Sultan.* Why? then *Zorastes* once more to the Fight,  
and *Mahomet* direct my course Aright.

*Exit Omnes.*

*Alarum*

## Guy Earl of Warwick.

*Alarm Excursions. Enter Sultan and Zorastes flying,  
Guy and they Eight, Zorastes Escapeth, Guy  
taketh Sultan Prisoner.*

*Then Enter the King of Jerusalem.*

*King.* Command these brawling Drums to cease their noise,  
whilst I salute our Warlike Conquerour,  
renown'd Sir *Guy of Warwick*, whose great name,  
extolls fair *England* with a glorious fame;  
sit in our Throne victorious *Englishman*,  
our Crown and Scepter shall be all as free,  
to *Guy of Warwick* as it is to me.

*Guy.* Far be it from the thought of *Englishman*,  
to usurp the seat of fair *Jerusalem*;  
but for those favours you have grac't me with  
here I resigne unto your princely hands,  
*Great Sultan Shamurath, King of Babylon.*

*King.* Victorious Knight, both in thy words and deeds,  
this proud presumptuous King of *Babylon*  
which thou surrendrest here as prisoner,  
I freely do deliver back to thee,  
to ransom or dispose as thou thinkst best.

*Sultan.* Let me be ransom'd mighty Christian Knight,  
and I will back surrender to thy hands  
all those Townes and Castles I have won,  
*Joppa, Samaria* and Rich *Nazareth*,  
with fifty Thousand bars of silver plate,  
to ransom home great *Sultan Shamurath.*

*Guy.* I scorn thy league and love, proud heathen King,  
I'll make thee now my Vassals underling:

*Sultan.* Scornst thou to love the Monarch of the world?

*Guy.* The Monarch of black Hell, should I not scorn,  
the love of *Belzebub Leviathan*, *Sultan stamps.*  
Nay Sir I'll make you tear your Mahomet,  
and stamp and stare.

*Enter Sparrow with a  
Pagan in a Halter.  
Spar.*



### *The Tragical History*

*Spar.* I and swear too ifaith afore I have done with him ; O Master you think I can do nothing, I have catcht a Pogan.

*Guy.* How, Sir Sparay ?

*Spar.* Why Master after the valliantest manner that could be ; for I found him asleep, and having a Halter in my pocket, put it about his Neck instead of a falling band.

*Guy.* But what will you do with him now ?

*Spar.* Marry Master, first and come fordermost, I'll hang him two houres by the Clock, then I'll cut off his head because he shall not call me knave for my labour ; and when I have done so, I'll let him go his way, nay ye whorson Pogan I'll tickle ye that's flat ; O Master the Pogan has given me two slips for a Tetter, but I'll after him, if I catch him again, I'll give him a Cawd east in's Chaps, that's two turns and a wry mouth, and then he may drink to his friends all the day after.

*The Pogan takes the Halter from his own Neck, and put's it about Sparrows neck, and runs away.*

*Exit Sparrow.*

*Guy.* Since that your Majesty hath back delivered, this Sultan Shamurath into my hands, know the ransome I will set on him, shall please our God and all good Christians. O blessed Emperour think upon the Crosse, which is the true badg of our sweet Saviour Christ by whose great help we have got Victory. Then to enlarge the Fame of Christendome, and our great makers ever glorious name, Thou Sultan Shamurath with all thy Hoast, shall leave your faith and become Christians ; do this, from any ransome thou art free, and all thy people set at liberty.

*Sult.* We yield consent victorious Conqueror, the God you serve is great Omnipotent, ruling the day of battle as he please, making one hundred kill ten thousand men, such were the odds of our Battallions ; therefore for Guy of Warwicks sake, wee'l trust in Christ, and Mahound clean forsake.

*King.*

### *of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

*King.* Then fit we honour'd to the Marble Tomb,  
where you shall have received your Christendome,  
you and your Lords shall take a Solemne Oath,  
that all your Empery shall do the like;  
come on brave *Guy*, for by thy hand is done,  
this Everlasting fame to Christendome.

*Exeunt King and Sultan.*

*Guy.* Go on great Kings, I'll follow presently,  
and now since all those wars are at an end,  
and that my heavenly Maker hath vouchsafed  
to give me victory against his foes,  
in lowly Pilgrimage I vow to come,  
and visit my dear Saviours blessed Tomb;  
there for an everlasting memory,  
I'll offer up my sword and furniture,  
and here I make a vow in sight of Heaven,  
that henceforth I'll never bear Armes again,  
but spend the residue of my sinful Life,  
in zealous Prayers and repentant Tears,  
for all the follies of my wretchlesse youth.  
Now glorious God with thy Auspicious eye,  
smile on this happy work that's thus began,  
to enlarge the fame of blessed Christendome.

*Exit.*

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### *Actus Quartus. Enter Time.*

**T**HUS Time that in his ceaselesse motion,  
controuls the hearts of Kings and Emperours,  
bath now converted Sultan Shamurath  
to tread the path of perfect Christendome;  
and now with Bishops, Priests and Patriarks,  
they are returned back to Babylon,  
to Christen all that Heathen Nation;  
think this is done, and now again suppose,  
that Guy of Warwick after he had seen

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## *The Tragical History*

his Saviours Tomb, and there had offered up  
as Monuments of lasting Memory ;  
his sword, his shield, and Warlike Furniture,  
he there vow'd never to bear Armes again,  
and now towards England is returning back.  
Imagine that Sir Raynborn his fair son,  
is grown a man, and hearing of the deeds  
of his great Father, leaveth all his Friends  
to seek him out in Forrain Nations:  
Think this is done, and now again suppose  
that Guy of Warwick now is waxen old,  
and at the length of many a weary step,  
he comes to England, where perforce alas  
he must oppose, his weak decayed limbs  
against the vigor of a Gyants strength ;  
for now the Danes in absence of this Lord,  
have set their feet so far on Englands ground,  
that they had almost conquered all the Land,  
and to a forced Parley drives the King ;  
how they conclude, and by what means agree,  
Time shall make known to you immediately.

*Exit Time.*

*Enter Swanus King of Denmark, with him Colbron.  
Then Athelstone King of England, with him Herod.*

*Athelstone.* Swanus of Denmark, since to this Enter-view,  
by thee appointed, we here both are met,  
Speake what canst thou demand from Englands Crown ?

*Swanus.* Thy Crown and Kingdome is by conquest won,  
yet if thou canst provide a Champion,  
that dares encounter mighty Colbron here ;  
if he that Fights for thee, do win the day,  
all Title to thy Crown wee'l lay away ;  
but if that Colbron gets the day in field,  
the English power to the Danes shall yield ;  
and then thy homage and thy Princely Crown,  
will Swanus bear to Denmark as his own.

*Athelst.* I force, perforce must yield to thy demand,

but

### of Guy Earl of Warwick.

But had I *Guy of Warwick* thou shouldst know,  
thy Gyants force he soon would overthrow.

*Colbron.* I tell thee King, no weak-bred arm of thine,  
can shed one drop of mighty *Colbrons* blood,  
whilst I have power, or any strength to stand,  
or grasp this Truncheon in my Warlike hand ;  
for in my Fury I will take my Foe,  
and sling him higher then the Moons bright sphear,  
then bandying back the Foot-ball of my rage,  
cast him down headlong to the Neighbouring Seas.

*King.* No more, no more, to morrow is the day.

*Swan.* When Might or Right shall bear the Crown away.

*Exeunt.*

### Enter Guy being Old.

*Guy.* Thus one and Twenty Winters have I been,  
a very stranger to my home-bred soyle,  
and never set my Feet on English ground ;  
in Foreign Countries have I eat my bread,  
and now bring Winter on my Snow white-head ;  
which of my Friends that meets me by the way,  
will once imagine that I am Sir *Guy*,  
that vanquishd Knights, and made stout Monsters die.  
O, no not one, will once remember me,  
beauty and youth so little lasting be.  
What place is this, wherein I am Arrived ?  
I know it well, 'tis call'd fair *Winchester*,  
whereas King *Athelstone* doth keep his Court,  
the nights far spent, and my age withered limbs,  
are weak, and weary, with long travelling ;  
here will I sit and rest my self a while,  
and with sweet sleep my wanward thoughts beguile.

*He sleepeth:*

*Enter Athelstone with Guy, disguised:*  
*Lord.* What means your Majesty, thus carelesly  
to walk abroad without your wonted Guard ?

*Athelst.* I'll have no Guard, unless thy self with me,  
for know this Night as I lay in my bed,

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## The Tragick History

a blessed Angel bright and Christaline  
in golden slumber did appear to me,  
bidding me walk out of my Castle Gate,  
and the first man that I should meet withal,  
choose him my Champion to defend my right,  
which makes me rise thus early for to see  
this heaven bred Champion sent to let us free. *Guy starts from  
his sleep.*

*Guy.* Give me my Sword, mine Armour, and my shield,  
that I may Coap with *Hybean, Hercules*;  
the horrid villain in a Centaures shape  
hath ravisht *Layda* on her wedding day;  
therefore I hand to hand will Coap with him  
were he the Master Monster of the world:  
a'las where am I poor distressed Man?  
my troubled mind utters I know not what,  
thou Fight with Monsters, Fight-thou with thy grave,  
and for thy sins humble forgivenesse crave.

But out alas, I fear I am o're-heard, *He espies the King walking.*  
I will enquire of these the ready way  
that leads directly to your City fair;  
good morrow, and God blesse you Gentleman.

*Athelst.* Good morrow Father.

*Guy.* May I be bold to crave which is the way,  
that leads directly unto *Winchester*?

*Athelst.* This path good Father leads to *Winchester*.  
O heaven what should I think my dream pretend,  
that will'd me choose the first man I should meet;  
but this good Aged man is far unfit,  
yet will I ask his Counsel in this cause  
that may avail me far more then his strength,  
good Father may a stranger be so bold  
to have some private conference with thy self?

*Guy.* Speak on good Sir, and what so e're it be,  
My truth I give to keep it secretly.

*Athelst.* Then know good Father that I am a King,  
my Courts beset with many Enemies,  
and this last night as I lay in my bed  
a Heavenly Vision did appear to me,  
bidding me rise up streight and walk abroad;  
and the first man that I should meet withal,

choose

*of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

choose him my Champion to defend my right;  
thou Aged Father art the first I meet,  
but he that doth maintain this Fight,  
is a most monstrous Gyant huge and strong,  
and thou art feeble, weak and impotent,  
yet thy Counsel Father, what I were best to do?

*Guy.* Do as Heaven wills, ye do my Gracious Lord,  
if by the all fore-seeing power thereof,  
I am appointed for to do this deed;  
though I be old, yet you shall well perceive,  
I'll not give back nor yield one foot of ground;  
what though he be a Gyant that maintaines  
this deadly combat? ere I'll turn my face,  
I'll leave my body breathlesse in this place.

*Atbelst.* O how glad's my very Soul to see  
a youthful mind in Aged Livery!  
come Reverend Father, for thou now shalt be,  
a Kings companion that will honour thee.

*Guy.* Go on great King, an old man once will try,  
the Vigor of a churlish Gyants strength;  
though he be huge and strong with whom I Fight,  
my God is just and still maintaines the right.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Swanus and Colbron.*

*Swanus.* Now *Colbron* rowse thy Gyants settled-limbs,  
for all our blessed hopes on thee we lay,  
thinking to bear the English Crown away.

*Colbr.* I tell thee King thou troublest me with doubts,  
for halfe their Kingdome is already won  
by *Colbron* and the Danish Conquerours,  
upon the rest I will sharp vengeance take.  
Where are these faint-hearts? O that they were come,  
that I might finish up a day of Doom!

*Swanus.* I hear them coming, therefore lets prepare,  
to bid them welcome to a bloody feast,  
for I perceive they all are resolute.

*Enter Atbelstone with  
Guy and others.*

*Atbelstone.* *Swanus* O Denmark, see wee keep our word,  
and come to try our right by dint of Sword.

*Swa.* Bring forth thy Champion.

*Atbelst.* Here he stands prepar'd.

*Swanus.* O, who? he alas poor silly man,  
give him a pair of Beads to pray upon.

*Atbelstone.* Scorn him not *Swanus*; for this old mans hand,  
against thy mighty Gyants force shall stand.

*Colbron.*

## The Tragical History

*Colbron.* Must *Colbron* Fight with such a withered Ghost,  
a very shrimp, a worm, a gnat, a fly,  
I scorn him and will spurn him at my feet.

*Guy.* Leave of thy braves, blaspheming heathen dog,  
for God whose quarrel I do take in hand  
will add fresh strength to these my withered limbs,  
these aged sinews that are weak and old,  
he can renew with monster conquering strength;  
therefore to shew, I do not fear thy threats,  
sound an Alarum: lets begin the Fight,  
for with my Palmers staffe I'll coape with thee.

*Athelst.* Thou shalt not hazard to thy honoured age,  
begirt thy self with these wars Ornaments.

*Guy.* What shall I do? unhappy wretched man,  
for when I left the wars of *Palestine*,  
I made a vow even in the sight of Heaven  
never to Fight with Sword or Shield again;  
but I must break that vow, or leave this Land,  
my Native Country to the violent hand;  
of damned Usurpers, which shall never be,  
I'll break my Oath, and sweet Heaven pardon me:  
Here do I take this Sword into my hand,  
and buckle fast this shield unto my Arme,  
although I know it is no armed hand  
that can prevail, but Heaven where truth doth stand;  
and now thou great Arch-guyder of the world,  
that saved *Daniell* in the Lyons Den,  
look down on me, with thy all-pitious Eyes,  
and by my Hand vanquish thy Enemies,  
that all may say in Glory to thy name,  
that little *David* hath *Goliath* slain;  
*St. George* for *England*, lets begin the Fight,  
Angels by me defend fair *Englands* right.

*Colbron.* In *Mabounds* name I do thee here desie,  
for I will crush thy bones immediately.

*They Fight, Guy killeth Colbron.*

*Athelst.* *St. George, St. George, England* hath prevail'd,

and



## Guy Earl of Warwick.

and Denmark and his Champion now are quaild.

*Swa.* Mahound Confound that old mans hellish Arme,  
that hath wrought *Englands* good, and *Denmarks* harm;  
now force perforce, to *Denmark* we must go,  
ne're had the *Danes* so great an overthrow. *Exit Swanus.*

*Atbelst.* Since by thy means most Reverend Aged Man,  
I and my Country are delivered,  
from the usurping *Danish* Tyrants power,  
I conjure thee by that holy vow  
which thou didst make in taking on this weed,  
of thy religious holy pilgrimage;  
tell me thy name, and what thy Countries call'd,  
which was so happy as to Foster thee.

*Guy.* Upon Condition that your Majesty,  
will vow to keep close what I shall reveal,  
I will resolve your princely mind at full.

*Atbelst.* Speak freely then, for what so e're it be,  
upon my word I'll keep it secretly.

*Guy.* I take your princely word then know great King,  
I am your Subject and in *England* born,  
and many favours have receiv'd of you,  
past the deserts of my unworthinesse;  
for which it glads my soul that e're I dye,  
I have done some service for your Majesty.  
When I was young, men knew me by my looks,  
but now the hand of age hath chang'd me so,  
that not one man doth *Guy of Warwick* know.

*Atbelst.* So said my soul, when I first saw thy face,  
welcome, O welcome, to thy Native soile,  
which thou hast freed from ruine and from spoil;  
and ten times welcome art thou unto me,  
thy absence long hath wrought my misery,  
But tell me, hast thou seen fair *Phillis* yet?

*Guy.* My Lord I have not, nor I do not know,  
whether my beloved *Phillis* lives or no.

*Atbelst.* I can assure thee that thy *Phillis* lives,  
but her old Father *Roben* he is dead;  
*Sir Rainborn* thy courageous hearted Son,

*Guy weeps.*

*hath*

## *The Tragical History*

hath been these two years for to seek thee out,  
why weepst thou *Guy*?

*Guy*. I weep for joy to hear this happy news,  
hath *Guy* of *Warwick* then a Kingly Son?  
and is fair *Phillis* still in perfect health?

*Atbelst*. She is good *Guy*, and i'll send speedy post,  
to *Warwick* Castle for to fetch her hither.

*Guy*. O I beseech your grace to give me leave,  
an end of this my Pilgrimage to make;  
for when I took my way *Palestine*,  
I made a vow for seven and twenty years  
to keep my self unknown from all my Friends;  
full one and twenty are expired and gone,  
six more being past, I from my vow am free,  
and then to all my friends disclos'd i'll be.

*Atbelst*. I must consent, since thou wilt have it so,  
but at the six years end i'll come to thee,  
and with me I will bring so rich a Train,  
as shall in state, bring *Warwick* home again;  
till then I leave thee to thy sweet content,  
willing my life for thy good be spent.

*Exit King.*

*Guy*. Farewel my Liege, Farewel my Sovereigne,  
and now poor *Guy*, since thou art left alone,  
think on thy Makers mighty love to thee,  
who in thy youth did make thee fear'd of all,  
and by thine age hath wrought a monstrous fall;  
he hath preserv'd thy true and faithful Wife,  
whom thou didst love more dearer then thy Life;  
to her i'll go as fast as I can hye,  
but shee'l not think that *Warwick* is so nigh:  
ah *Phillis*, now thy Lord is waxen old,  
who when thou sawest him last was stout and bold;  
yet as I am, i'll seek my *Phillis* Face,  
if he that made me gives me Life and space,  
I'll tell her tydings of mine own estate,  
and fetch my food at my own Castle Gate;  
And for six years which I alone must lead.  
*Phillis* must feed her unknown Lord with bread.

*Exit.*

*Actus*



of Guy Earl of Warwick.

*Actus Quintus. Enter Time.*

**T**HUS Guy to Warwick Castle now is gone,  
where hearing of the Almes fair Phillis gives  
to Palmers, that do daily passe that way;  
he thither goes, and at her hand receives  
his daily food; and being unknown,  
he tells her tidings of his own estate;  
and in a Forrest not far from the place,  
a mile distant called Arden wood,  
with his own hands he builds himself a Cave.  
What follows now of Rainborn his fair Son,  
Sir Herodes meeting, and of their return,  
and what to Guy of Warwick doth befall,  
sit pleas'd a while and Time shall shew you all.      Exit Time.

*Enter Guy Solus.*

*Guy.* Now am I come in sight of my fair Home,  
thats call'd *Guy's Crosse*, for that I did erect;  
before I went to fair *Jerusalem*;  
here was I wont to sit and view my Land,  
and eke my Castle that on Tiptoes stand,  
to overpeer this part of *Warwickshire*.

*Enter two Palmers.*

*1 Palmer.* Come hither, lets a little mend our pace,  
for we are near to *Warwick Castle* now;  
where I have heard of late fair *Phillis* dwells,  
who gives Almes to all that passe that way.

*2 Pal.* Good brother lets go thither presently;  
but stay, methinks here sits an Aged man,  
lets ask him if hee'l go along with us?

*1 Pal.* With all my heart;  
all happinesse attend you Aged Father:

*Guy.* The like I wish to you good gentle Friends.

*1 Pal.* May we intreat you go along with us,

## *The Tragicall History*

to *Warwick* Castle, where fair *Phillis* dwells,  
who giveth Almes to all such as we are.

*Guy*. With all my heart, I'll go along with you.

*Enter Phillis, and a Servant with Bread and Wine.*

*1 Pal.* See where she comes out of her Castle Gate.

*Both Palmers kneel and pray.*

Heaven bleſſe fair *Phillis* for this deed,  
and ſend Sir *Guy* of *VVarwick* home with ſpeed.

*Phillis*. Amen, Amen, come give them a reward,  
there's Bread and Wine, eat and reſreſh your ſelves;  
and there's ſome Money to relieve your wants,  
and pray for *Guy* of *VVarwick* and his Friends.  
But wherefore ſtands this Aged man ſo ſad?  
What art thou Father?

*Guy*. A poor diſtreſſed Pilgrime gentle Lady.

*Phillis*. More welcome art thou unto *Warwick's* Wiſe.  
for in a Pilgrims weed my Lord is gone,  
even to the furtheſt part of Chriſtendome.  
But tell me Father, haſt thou travel'd far?

*Guy*. Lady I have, and ſeen my Saviours bleſſed Sepulchre.

*Phillis*. In all thy travels didſt thou never hear  
of *Guy* of *VVarwick*, and his Warlike Deeds?

*Guy*. I have both heard, and been with him,  
even at the ſiege of fair *Jeruſalem*;  
where he perform'd ſuch deeds of Chivalry,  
that by his means the City was preſerv'd,  
and *Sultan Shamurath* with all his Hoſt,  
was overcome and holy vanquiſhed.

*Phillis*. Let me embrace thee in my tender Armes,  
and kiſſe thy Aged Cheek, for until now,  
of my dear Lord, I never heard ſo much;  
reach me a ſtool, I prethee Father ſit.

*Guy*. Here on the ground I'll ſit, tis earth and duſt,  
from it I had my Birth, to it I muſt.

*Phillis*. Give me ſome Bread? I prethee Father Eat.

*Guy*. Give me Brown Bread, for that's a Pilgrimes Meat.

*Phillis*. Reach me ſome Wine, good Father taſt of this.

*Guy*. Give me cold Water that my comfort is,

I tell

*of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

I tell ye Lady your great Lord and I,  
have thought our selves as happy as a King,  
to drink the water of a Chrystal spring.

*Phillis.* O do not break my sorrow beaten heart,  
with sharp remembrance of his miseries,  
that is more dear to me then all the world;  
but gentle Father for this happy newes,  
which thou hast told me of my beloved Lord;  
if in my Castle thou wilt stay with me,  
for *Warwick's* sake I will make much of thee.

*Guy.* I thank you Lady, but I cannot stay,  
my hast in Pilgrimage calls me away;  
therefore in duty here I take my leave.

*Phillis.* O stay a while, and do not go so soon,  
for I am loth to leave thy company;  
this poor reward of *Phillis* shalt thou take,  
which I do give thee for my *Warwick's* sake;  
so fare thee well, whatsoe're the cause should be,  
my heart is full of grief to part with thee.

*Exit Phillis and her Servant.*

*Guy.* And mine of sorrow and deep misery.

*1 Pal.* Come Father, will you along with us?

*Guy.* Go on good friends, I follow presently, *Ex. Palmers.*  
as fast as weakned age will give me leave.

And now poor *Guy* fall prostrate on thy knees,  
and thank the God that gave thee such a Wife;  
*Phillis* when thou art dead and laid in grave,  
few such true Women will fair *England* have.  
Now will I hye me unto *Arden* wood,  
there in a Rock of stone I'll build a Cave;  
and of my *Phillis* fair, whom I love best,  
I'll fetch my daily Food, and thus in rest  
till full six years be brought unto an end,  
unknown to any, I my life will spend.

*Exit Guy.*

## *The Tragical History*

### *Enter Rainborne Solus.*

*Rain.* Now that the poasting Charet of the Sonne,  
hath tired *Phæbus* and his wanton steeds,  
the duskey Clouds hath closed up the day,  
and *Hesperus* is left to guide the world ;  
Here *Rainborne* rest thy self within these woods,  
and give thy weary limbs some time of stay,  
until that *Phæbus* chase the night away ;  
then will I buckle on my Armes again,  
and never cease pursuit till I have found  
my Warlike Father, the renown'd Sir *Guy*,     *He sits down.*  
which I will doe, or in this journey dye.

*Enter Sparrow.* A Pilgrimage quotha, marry here's a Pilgrimage indeed, why? I have lost my Master, and have been this fortnight in a Wood, where I have eat nothing but Hips and Hawes, that ye may make Fiddle strings of my Guts they are so thin : but I am serv'd well enough ; for when I was at home with my old Father, where I had my belly full of Beef and Bag-pudding, but I must be Travelling with a Pestilence.

*He espies Rainborne.*

But stay, who have we here? some Traveller I hold my Life on't, I care not greatly if I knock out his Brains, and then take away all his Money, yet sure he has not much, he has such fine Cloaths on ; for commonly now adaies our Gallants in their Silkes and Velvets have the Divel dancing in their great Hose ; for there's never a crosse to hinder him, therefore I'll wake him sure, Whoop whow, &c.

*He Hollowes in his Ear.*

*Rainborne.* How now Sirrah, what are you?

*Sparrow.* A Curslian, what art thou?

*Rainborne.* Art thou a Christian? prethee where wer't born?

*Sparrow.* I saith Sir I was born in England at Stratford upon Avon in Warwickshire.

*Rainborne.* Wer't born in England? what's thy name?

*Spar.*

### of Guy Earl of Warwick.

*Sparrow.* Nay I have a fine finical name, I can tell ye, for my name is *Sparrow*; yet I am not no house *Sparrow*, nor no hedge *Sparrow*, nor no peaking *Sparrow*, nor no sneaking *Sparrow*, but I am a high mounting lofty minded *Sparrow*, and that *Parnell* knows well enough, and a good many more of the pretty Wenches of our Parish ifaith.

*Rainborne.* Very well Sir, what make you here in these Countries?

*Sparrow.* Marry I have lost a stray Master, can you tell me any tidings of him?

*Rainborne.* What was thy Masters name?

*Sparrow.* My Masters Name, why you would not hear it would ye?

*Rainborne.* Yes sir that I would.

*Sparrow.* Well he has a tickling name I can tell ye.

*Rain.* Howsoever let me hear it.

*Spar.* Yes you shall hear it, he is call'd the most Couragious, Bravagious, Contagious; but do you hear young Gentleman, have ye ever another suit of apparel ne're hand.

*Rain.* VVhy Sir?

*Spar.* VVhy truly all will not be well with ye if you hear my Masters name; therefore I would wish you take heed what ye doe, for you'll perfume that, so that ye will have need of another.

*Rain.* Sirrah leave your prating, and let me hear it.

*Spar.* Nay ye shall hear it, he is called the most Renowned, Profounded, Compounded; but heark ye, have ye ever a clean shirt about ye?

*Rain.* VVhy Sir?

*Spar.* VVhy? I know if you hear my Masters name you'll blow your Nose backward, and then your Landresse will call you Sloven.

*Rain.* Why ye base Pefant, shall I not hear his Name?

*Spar.* O Lord Sir, ye are deceived! I am no Pheasant, though I be a *Sparrow*, yet you shall hear my Masters name, he is called Sir *Guy of Warwick*.

*Rain.* Sir *Guy of Warwick*, my Renowned Father.

*Spar.* Thy Father, thy Halter, indeed when I came out of  
England

## *The Tragicall History*

*England* I left a Wench pretty and plump, thou may'st be my Son, if thou beest, kneel down and ask me blessing, and I'll give thee two pence.

*Rain.* Away you base slave.

*Spar.* Why dost thou think scorn to ask me blessing?

*Rain.* I Sir that I do.

*Spar.* Then I think scorn to give thee my two pence.

*Rain.* Sir leave this talk and tell me certainly, where brave Sir *Guy* at this time doth remain, and with rich gifts I will requite thy pains.

*Spar.* Will ye so, why the last time I saw him he and I were going towards *England*, and in the midst of a great wood I lost him, but I had better have been hang'd or some worse mischance come to me, for I am like never to get home as long as I live.

*Rain.* Nay fear not that, for if thou'lt stay with me, for *VVarwicks* sake I will make much of thee.

*Spar.* But are you Sir *Guy* of *VVarwicks* Son?

*Rain.* Upon my Knightly word I am.

*Spar.* Faith I doubt you are some lying Hangman; for indeed we Travellers may lye by Authority; but I'll tell ye what I'll doe, stay you here till I go into *England*, and ask your Mother, if she sayes so, I'll come again and then I'll dwell with you.

*Rain.* Nay stay Sir, for it is above a Thousand mile into *England*:

*Spar.* A Thousand mile, nay sure I'll take your word before I'll go so far to try the matter, but if I should be content to dwell with you, what dyet will you allow me?

*Rain.* Why Sirrah? to your Dinner you shall have a Pomgarnate.

*Spar.* A pound of Garlike, why I never eat Garlike in all my Life;

*Rain.* I say a Pomegarnate, which is almost like an Apple.

*Spar.* Apples to my Dinner, and what to my Supper? quickly, quickly.

*Rainborne.* Why to your Supper you shall have a Couple of Olives.

*Spar.*



*of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

*Spar.* Nay that's not much amisse, for that is two leggs of Beef stuf with Parsley.

*Rain.* You are deceived Sirrah, for an Olive is no bigger then a Plum.

*Spar.* How Apples to my Dinner, and Plums to my Supper, O my belly, my belly, my belly; why Master you have kil'd me already, but i'll tell ye how ye must use me; at Eight of Clock you must call me up; but ye must not make too much hast, for I must have half an hours scratching before I can put on my Shirt; then betwixt nine and ten I must be at breakfast, and from eleven to one at Dinner, then I must go to sleep till three, then I must have my Afternoons Nunching, then at five of the Clock my Supper; and then what work you will all the day after, but you must not feed me with Apples and Plums, for I must have my fill five times a day of Beef, Brewis, Bag-Puddings and Pies. Oh how my Teeth waters to think on them, besides odd bits in a Corner; and if you'll deal thus with me, I'll dwell with you, and doe all this that I have promised you.

*Rain.* That's eat your Victuals and sleep.

*Spar.* Why aye and something else too, though it be no great manners to speak on't.

*Rain.* But art thou sure my Father is gone for England?

*Spar.* Am I sure? why I tell ye, he is in England long ago.

*Rain.* Why then in hast i'll post to England now.  
but i'll not tarry in it, nor else where,  
unlesse I find my Warlike Father there;  
Come Sparrow follow me.

*Spar.* Do you hear young Master, though you be my Master, yet I am your Elder, and therefore your better, and alwaies while ye live, learn to let your betters go afore ye. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Guy Solus.*

*Guy.* Thus have I almost brought unto an end,  
the tedious time of my long Pilgrimage,  
for of my seven and twenty years remains

only

## The Tragical History

only seven days to be accomplished.  
The longest Summers day comes to an end;  
The dials point though none perceive it stir,  
in length of time creeps round about the same;  
even so this long thought time is almost spent,  
onely seven dayes to come, and I am free,  
and then to all my Friends disclos'd I'll be.

*Enter an Angell.*

*Angell.* Thou blessed Champion of the highest Heaven,  
be firme in faith, and here my message out,  
for my great Master sends thee word by me,  
that seven dayes being past thou sure shalt dye;  
tears change not fate, poor pilgrime now farewell  
go meet more joyes then Angels Tongues can tell.

*Exit Angell.*

*Guy.* Welcome O welcome be thy glorious will,  
thou great Archfactor of the Firmament.  
O hadst thou let me lain but one day more,  
to have reveal'd my self unto my Wife,  
my dear, dear *Phillis*, who languisheth in pain,  
hoping to see her aged Lord again.  
Then had I been contented for to dye,  
So am I now, thou must be pleas'd, not I.  
Yet *Guy* bethink thee what thou hast to do,  
wilt thou not make thy self known to thy Wife?  
but thus unknown to any lose thy Life?  
where no man ne're shall hear of thee at all,  
nor give thy body Christian burial;  
Yes, I will hie me strait to *Phillis* Gate,  
and there reveal my self and my estate,  
and my dear *Phillis*, whom I loved best,  
shall close mine eyes, and bring my soul to rest.  
But wilt thou break that vow of sanctity,  
which thou didst make to him, that hath made thee;  
and seek to contradict his holy will,  
that hath shew'd such great mercies to thee still:  
O God forbid! That vow true kept shall be,  
I'll commit all to him that saved me.

And

### of Guy Earl of Warwick.

and when I dye, instead of Tomb or Grave,  
I'll leave my body in my stone cold Cave.  
Thither I will, and spend my short sweet dayes,  
in contemperation and in holy prayers;  
I poor old Guy go hye and halt thee thither,  
for life and Pilgrimage must end together.

*Exit.*

### Enter Sparrow Solus.

*Sparrow.* Ha, ha, the world's well amended with me by-  
Lady, why? I am as plumb as a pudding now, for ever since I  
came to my young Master, I have been so puffed up with good  
chear, that Barly puddings are no meat, nor Cheese-cakes, nor  
Custards, no banquetting stiffe with me; for as soon as ever we  
came into England, my young Master goes to the Court presently  
where he and I were Counterpointed with such implements as  
passes; I am toft up and down like a Shittlecock in every bod-  
ies mouth; for who but Master Sparrow, the greatest Traveller  
that has been at court wench Nobles and Jerico, and I cannot tell  
ye where; but for all that I was serv'd a Sluttish trick to day,  
for my Master being bidden to great a Gentlemans house to din-  
ner, took me along with him to wait at the Table; well as they  
were at Dinner, the Serving men as they took off the meat  
set it before the fire to keep it warm for themselves: I seeing the  
good chear standing in battle Ray, and having not broke my  
fast of all day, I began to draw near the fire, and look over my  
shoulder upon the victuals, at last I spyed a Fat legg of Pork;  
O how my Teeth did water to look upon't! I had not stood  
long, but seeing every body busie, I whipt the legg of Pork into  
my Pocket, and stood very mannerly with my hands at my back,  
as though I had done nothing; but it was not long, ere the  
Fat Pork with the heat of the Fire began to fry out of my Slops,  
& all the dogs in the House came Snukering and licking about  
my Breeches, and not content with that, but one unmannerly  
Cur above all the rest, popt his Nose into my Pocket, snatcht out  
the leg of Pork, & tore away all the tone side of my Breeches, that  
I was tain to go out edgling like a Crab ifaith; put I'll ne're  
F  
Real

*The Tragical History*

steal Pork again while I live; He have one bit of Mutton what-  
some're comes on't - *Exit Sparrow.*

*Enter Guy being in his Cave, to him the Angell.*

*Angell.* Now *Guy of Warwick* is accomplished,  
the full effect of all thy Pilgrimage,  
then rise and pray, thy sins may be forgiven,  
for Angels wait to bear thy soul to Heaven.

*Exit Angell.*

*Guy.* Gods will be done, I am resolv'd to dye,  
and have askt mercy at the hands of him  
that gave me Life, and now will take the same.  
O what a precious soul hath sinful man,  
that in a self alone does comprehend  
the figure, state, and lineaments of Heaven,  
yet cannot measure nor define it self;  
so when that all great workmen of the world,  
had fram'd mans flesh out of a clod of clay,  
and all the Creatures of the Universal world,  
of the same mould, to whom his very word  
gave present life onely in mans brest,  
that vil'd ambitious sinful heap of drosse;  
he breathd his own breath, even the breath of heaven,  
that is the glorious soul we now possesse,  
which is immortal and can never dye.  
Yet he that late was fram'd of Mire and filth,  
plac'd in a glorious state of innocence,  
was not content, but striv'd to be as good  
as his great maker, who could with one word,  
throw him down head long to the deepe Hell;  
yet he in Mercy, Love, and meer good will,  
did grant him pardon for his soul offence;  
and seeing him unable to perform  
his blessed will, did send his own dear Son  
to pay his ransom with his precious blood,  
and to redeem that soul which sinful man  
had forfeited to Satan, Death and Hell;

and

*of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

and for a death dam'd, cursed and unpure,  
he gave him life eternal to indure;  
which life eternal, grant sweet Christ to me,  
that in Heavens joyes I may thy glory see.

*Enter Rainborne and Herod of Arden with Sparrow.*

*Rain.* Go good Sir *Herod* Post and meet the King,  
who now is coming with his warlike Troops,  
to meet my Father and to honour him,  
in his return from fair *Jerusalem*.

*Herod.* Hie you to *Warwick* Castle to your Mother,  
tell her this happy news of his return,  
whose absence long hath made her weep and mourn.

Come *Sparrow* you shall go along with me.

*Spar.* Shall I go meet the King too Master?

*Rain.* I Sir, you shall attend upon my friend.

*Spar.* But I pray tell me one thing, is the King a Man or a Woman?

*Rain.* He is a Man.

*Spar.* Well, I shall never love him while I live, for a Cofin of his, the King of Clubs made me loose six pots of Ale, at Mother Bunches ifaith.

*Rainborne.* Well Sir go along with him.

*Exit Sparrow and Herod.*

Now *Rainborne* glut thy heart with wisht for joy,  
O how it glads my soul, that I shall see,  
my dear loved Father once before I dye!  
The people flock together all on heaps,  
Clapping their hands, and crying out for joy,  
that *Guy of Wormick* is come again,  
and all report it of a certainty,  
that in the dreadful day of *Winshester*,  
he vanquish'd *Colbron* in a single fight.

*Guy groans* now and still  
But stay, methinks I hear a doleful sound  
of a departing man, and see here lies  
an Aged Pilgrime, at the point of death;  
what art thou Father? prethee speak to me.

*Guy.* A poor age-withered Creature gentle Son,  
that streight must yield my due unto my grave,



## The Tragical History

for age and sicknesse now my life will have,

*Rain.* Alas good Father thou art sick indeed;  
yet if thou canst but lean upon my Arme,  
I'll lead thee to a place where thou shalt be  
comforted and attended carefully.

*Guy.* I thank thee Son, but cannot leave this place;  
yet if thy thoughts be equal with thy words,  
let me request one kindnesse at thy hands,  
it is the last that ever I shall make.

*Rain.* Speak freely Father what soo're it be,  
thy will shall be perform'd immediately.

*Guy.* Then unto *Warwick Castle* tie thee straight,  
enquire for *Phillis Guy of Warwicks Wife*,  
deliver to her this same ring of Gold,  
tell her an old doore Pilgrime at deaths dore,  
did send it to her as a recompence,  
for her good deeds, to him and many moe,  
since her dear Lord away from her did go.

*Rain.* I'll give it her, as I have hope of Heaven,  
and bring her with me hither presently;  
that with sweet balmes she may comfort thee,  
so fare thee well, sweet heaven thy comfort be. *Exit.*

*Guy.* Go on in peace, my peace with heaven is made,  
thou goest to carry such a doleful gilt,  
as with the sight will kill my *Phillis* heart;  
for when I took my leave to go from her,  
that ring she gave me as a pledge of love;  
which if I see quoth she, and thou not by,  
*Phillis* will grieving weep, and weeping dye.  
O did she know her *Warwicks* death so nigh,  
and he so ne're in a cold Cave to lye;  
the soon would come and take her last adue  
of him, whose love to her hath still been true;  
but shall I dye before I see her face?  
I feel death ceazing on my heart already;  
O my sweet Saviour strengthen me this hour,  
and in my weaknesse shew thy heavenly power.  
I come, I come, to thee sweet Christ I flye,

save



*of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

save my poor soul, let my vile body dye. *He dies.*

*Enter Phillis and Rainborne.*

*Phillis.* O hast thee Son, and bring me to the man  
that sent this Ring, alas we are undone !  
it is thy Father Boy, good *Rainborne* run.

*Rain.* You tell me wonders that amaze my soul,  
it cannot be my Father that should lye,  
in his own Country and his wife so nigh.

*Phillis.* This is the Ring I gave him, which quoth he,  
nothing but death shall ever part from me.

*Rain.* See where he lies even yielding up the ghost.

*Phillis.* If it be he, he hath a mould Wart underneath his  
Ear.

*She looks under his Ear, and  
cries out, they both kneel to him.*

*Rain.* View him good Mother, satisfie your mind.

*Phillis.* It is my Husband, Oh my dearest Lord !

*Rain.* O my dear Father speak unto thy Son,  
but he is dead, and we are quite undone.

*Phillis.* O gentle *Warwick*, speak one word to me,  
I am thy wife that seven and twenty years  
bewail'd thy absence even with woful Tears ;  
speak, speak, if any spark of life remains,  
I'll think one look enough for all thy pains.

*Rain.* See Mother now he looks upon us both,  
and see how fast he holds my Fingers now ;  
something he wants, behold he maketh signes,  
that we with our two hands should close his eyes.  
Now it is done, see how he faints and dies.

*Phillis.* O break my heart, that I with him may dye,  
that in one grave our bodies both may lye.

*Rain.* The King is coming, good mother be content ;  
O heavy is my heart, with too much grief is spent.

*Enter Athelstone, Herod with others.*

*Athelst.* Sir *Herod* of *Arden* this is the time and place,  
that I appointed for to meet Sir *Guy*,

and

## The Tragical History

and do him honour as he hath deserv'd, but yet we have not heard where he remains.

*Herod.* See where Sir *Rainborne* and fair *Phillia* sit, and in their Arms an aged Pilgrime lies.

*Rain.* And famous *Warwick* in this Pilgrime dies; O see mighty King, and worthy Lords behold the flesh and blood of him, that when he lived, was the most famous Knight that e're drew sword, or clad his loins in compleat Arms of steel.

*Athelt.* O you have broke my heart with this sad news! I'll possible my dearest friend Sir *Guy*, should end his life, in such an uncouth place. O cruel fate! O woful destiny! arise fair Lady, sorrow helpeeth not; for if that sighs, or tears could bught avail, to bring his Heaven-bred soul to Earth again; my Kingly tears should day and night be spent, to fetch it thence, but Heaven doth that prevent.

*Rain.* Your Tears, nor mine, dear Mother can prevail, nothing at all, Heaven hath appointed this; *Angells* conduct his soul to endlesse blisse.

*Athelt.* *Rainborne* 'tis true, sweet *Phillia* weep no more, lets comfort all our selves with thinking thus, we must to him, but hee'll ne're come to us; but in the honour of his worthy name, the shield-bone of the bore of *Calidon*, shall be hang'd up at *Coventries* great Gate; the Ribs of the Dun Cow of *Dunsmore* Heath, in *Warwick* Castle for a monument; and on his Cave where he hath left his life, a stately Hermitage I will erect, in honour of Sir *Guy* of *Warwicks* Name, passe mournfully along, wee'll follow all his bloodlesse Corps, and heavy funeral.

*Four.* takes the body of *Guy*, the rest follow:

Enter

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Enter Time with the Epilogue.

**T**Hus Time concludes this dolent History,  
And ends this Scene with GUY of Warwicks Death ;  
So what is it but Time can bring to passe ?  
Time layes up Treasure where ther's Vertue scant,  
And gives the silly Fool when wise Men want :  
Both Poor and Rich confesse my power Divine,  
And every one doth say, make much of Time,  
Through the whole World, while the world was Time rangeth,  
And 'tis mens manners, and not, Time that changeth.  
O you whose Souls look for Eternity,  
Rest in the peace of perpetuity,  
And kindly grant to this request of mine ;  
For he's but young that writes of this Old Time.  
Therefore if this your Eyes or Ears may please,  
He means to shew you better things then these.

Exit Time.

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Finis GUY of WARWICK.

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O. Read, Tues<sup>d</sup>. Sept. 10<sup>th</sup> 1793.  
This Piece might serve for a Bartholomew-fair  
Droll.